

O, the Diuell take such coofeners, God forgiue me,  
Good Vnckle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,  
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I haue done yfaith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners,  
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome straight,  
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane  
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons  
Which I shall send you written bee assur'd,  
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.  
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus imployed,  
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe  
Of that same noble Prelate, wel-belou'd,  
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard  
His brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroopes*.  
I speake not this in estimation,  
As what I thinke might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,  
And onely staies but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it: vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor. Before the game's afoote thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,  
And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *Yorke*,  
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aynd.

Wor. And tis no little reason bids vs speed,  
To saue our heads, by raising of a Head:  
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,  
The King will alwaies thinke him in our debt,  
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,  
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.  
And see already, how he doth begin  
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

Hot. He does, he does; wee be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further goe in this,  
Then I by Letters shall direct your course  
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:  
He steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,  
Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,  
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

Nor. Farewell good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Vnckle, adue: O let the houres be short,  
Till Fields, & Blowes, & Grones, applaud our sport. *Exeunt.*

*Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.*

1. Car. Heigh ho, an it be not foure by the day, jle be hangd,  
*Charles-maine* is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horse not  
packt. What *Ostler*?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prethee *Tom*, beat Cuts Saddle, put a few Flocks in  
the point, poore iade is wrung in the Withers, out of all cesse.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2. Car. Pease and Beanes are as danke heere as a dog, and  
that is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bots: this house  
is turned vpside downe since *Robin Ostler* died.

1. Car. Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of Oates  
rose, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this to be the most villanous house in all  
*London* road for Fleas, I am stung like a Tench.

1. Car. Like a Tench? by the Masse there is neare a King  
christen, cold be better bit, the I haue bin since the first cock.

2. Car. Why, you will allow vs here a Iordaine, and then  
wee leake in your Chimney, and your Chamber-lie breeds  
Fleas like a Loach.

1. Car. What *Ostler*, come away, & be hangd, come away.

2. Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, & two razes of Gin-  
ger, to be deliuered as farre as *Charing-crosse*.

1. Car. Gods body, the Turkies in my panier are quite star-  
ued: what *Ostler*? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in  
thy head? canst not heare, and t'were not as good a deed as  
drinke,

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